

EVENTS OF INTEREST  
IN SOCIAL CIRCLES

## WOMAN AND THE HOME

Let the Woman's Page Breathe the Woman—Let it Be a Help to Those Who Desire Help; a Comforter to Those Who Need Comforting, and Above  
all Let It Be a Friend to Every WomanDOMESTIC HELPS AND  
AIDS TO HOUSEWIVES

The young lady across the way says her father's thinking about buying incubators for his farm and she hopes he won't do it as she certainly would miss seeing the chickens around when she goes out there.

UP-STATE RESIDENTS  
COMPLAIN AGAINST PARTY  
TELEPHONE LINE SERVICE

Hartford, April 9.—Residents in Andover, Columbia, Mansfield and Willimantic, patrons of the Southern New England Telephone Co., have complained to the public utilities commission alleged inadequate service by overcrowding of party lines. A hearing will be held April 20 at the capital.

Pope Benedict has founded a national institution to be known as the Good Press, to oppose anti-clerical and sectarian press opposed to Catholicism.

## RABBI LEVY TO LECTURE

Services will be held at 8 o'clock this evening at the Park avenue temple. The subject of the lecture to be delivered by Rabbi David Levy is "What Kind of a World Are We Living In?"

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The Original  
MALTED MILK  
Unless you say "HORLICK'S,"  
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Easy & Practical  
Home Dress Making  
LessonsPrepared Especially For This Newspaper  
by Pictorial Review

AN EFFECTIVE DESIGN FOR SUMMER



A fashionable linen frock in pretty color, trimmed with dark brown braid.



These Home Dressmaking articles are prepared especially for this newspaper from the very latest styles by The Pictorial Review.

Smart Spring Gown  
of Silk Rep Material  
With Circular Skirt

The spring costume shown here is of silk rep material built with a short open jacket with round shaped fronts. The collar is embroidered. The vestee is of white cloth, buttoned with mother of pearl buttons. A patent leather belt is run through slashes. The skirt is cut circular.

## TODAY'S POEM

## AN AMERICAN IN EUROPE.

'Tis fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down,  
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,  
To admire the crumbling castles and the statues of the kings—  
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

So it's home again, and home again, America for me!  
My heart is turning home again, and I long to be,  
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,  
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;  
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;  
It's sweet to dress in Venice, and it's great to study Rome,  
But when it comes to living, there is no place like home.

I like the German fir woods, in green battalions drilled;  
I like the gardens of Versailles, with flashing fountains filled;  
But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day,  
In the friendly western woodland, where nature has her way!

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack;  
The past is too much with her, and the people looking back.  
But the glory of the present is to love our land for what she is,  
And what she is to be.

Oh, it's home again, and home again, I want a ship that's westward bound to plow the rolling sea,  
To the blessed land of room enough beyond the ocean bars,  
Where the air is full of sunlight, and the flag is full of stars.

—Henry Van Dyke.

## CORNER FOR COOKS

## Hot Water Sponge Cake.

Yolks 2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 2-8 cup hot water, 3-4 teaspoon lemon extract, white of 2 eggs, 1 cup flour, 1-2 teaspoons baking powder and 1-5 teaspoon salt. Beat yolks of eggs until thick and lemon colored, add 1-2 sugar gradually and continue beating; then add water, remaining sugar, lemon extract, whites of eggs beaten until stiff and flour mixed and sifted with baking powder and salt. Bake 25 minutes in a moderate oven in a buttered and floured shallow pan.

## Fish Chowder.

Four Bermuda or white onions. Three potatoes, medium size. One-half pound salt codfish. One quart milk. One-half level tablespoonful butter. One level tablespoonful chopped parsley.

Soak the fish in cold water overnight for several hours. Peel and cut onions into thin slices, put them into a large saucepan, adding just enough boiling salted water to cover and simmer gently until half done—about 15 minutes. Add the potatoes, peeled and cut into small cubes, and sufficient more boiling water to cover

LAURA JEAN LIBBY'S DAILY TALKS ON  
HEART TOPICS

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ARE ACTORS  
MARRYING MEN?

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of thought,  
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;  
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,  
Live over each scene and be what they behold—  
For this the tragic music first-trod the stage."

It is the heart of a man which should be reckoned with—not his occupation. There is no class of normal men the whole world over, barred from wedlock. Actors have the same love natures, craving for wife, children and home life as those of other pursuits, but they are usually wise enough in the beginning of their careers deftly to elude ensnaring love, courtship and wedlock.

That they have a score or more of opportunities to other men's one or two cannot be denied. They are brought constantly before the attention of the most romantic and beautiful of women—thoughtful, noble, sensible girls, and foolish ones.

It must be conceded the gentlemanly actor would have little difficulty in taking unto himself a wife. He is possessed of good, sound, practical judgment. He looks, and perchance admires many pretty faces from across the footlights and tears up the great number of scented, pink-tinted notes that reach him in every mail without regret, nor giving them any further thought, for he has made up his mind until his salary brings him a safe and sure dependence that would amply maintain a wife that to steer clear from all womanhood is his safest and best plan. He looks cold facts squarely in the face. Why should he wed a wife—to live away from—work, slave and starve to maintain a home—to live with a wife who would not be so easily ever seen to love and fondle? He, of all men, knows the value of and appreciates the blessing most of loved ones, all his very own—at home. To him, the actor, the wife is a woman, an ambition, another. He makes what resolves about marrying, but he finds, like every other man, that he has to contend with a mighty juggler of human affairs that he had not considered in his careful calculations—Dan Cupid.

When the arbiter of his destiny takes a part in the marriage game, he might as well as up his hands and yield to what is to be. He is a young man, summed up, means the actor may escape matrimony longer perhaps, than the majority of his fellowmen, but his hour to capitulate to woman's charms will come soon or later. When that time comes, he will wed. There are actors who have wed women who have never trod the boards, but the majority of them wed women who are actresses. He makes what resolves about marrying, but he finds, like every other man, that he has to contend with a mighty juggler of human affairs that he had not considered in his careful calculations—Dan Cupid.

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MISS LIBBEY'S REPLIES  
TO YOUR LETTERS

Correct name and address must be given to insure attention, not to print. Use ink. Write short letters, on one side of paper only. Address Miss Libbey, 916 President street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

GIRL IS CHARMING  
WHEN NATURAL

Dear Miss Libbey:—  
We are two young girls of eighteen, and haven't had much young gentlemen company, but would like to know what to say when a boy says he has enjoyed an evening with you. Would it be proper to thank him and say that you also had a good time. Your advice will be greatly prized.

STOP GOING WITH HIM  
IF HE TAKES WINE

Dear Miss Libbey:—  
I am a girl of sixteen, keeping company with a boy past nineteen. He acts as if he loves me dearly and has told me so. He has promised me that he would not indulge in drink. But he showed signs of wine Sunday. My mother advised me not to go with him any more, I am very much puzzled. I love him, but not as well as I did. Please advise me as to what I did. Please advise me what to do. I have told him he would have to quit drinking stimulants or stop going with me. Do you think he will if he tells me he won't.

Only a few who break the pledge reform. The young man who has the habit of drinking should never be allowed to visit a young lady. It is folly to think that your love for him or influence if wed to him, would reform him of this habit. You would find your life blighted unless he was one of the few who firmly resist drink for love's sake.

SHE'S NOT ALLOWED  
STEADY COMPANY

Dear Miss Libbey:—  
I am very much interested in your letters. I would ask for your advice. I am seventeen years old, am in love with a young man of eighteen. I met him at a dance. My parents won't allow me any steady company.

He may not desire your steady company. Dance acquaintances are not always lasting in their likings, but are changeable. Your parents realize that you may find the right one when older.

## CHILDREN AS CHEMISTS

School children test milk for the public in Gary, Indiana. Says Randolph S. Bourne in The New Republic.

"In the chemistry class at the Emerson School I actually found children doing the necessary chemical work for the city. The class was simply an extension of the municipal laboratory. Gary, of course, has the good fortune, or good sense to have as chemistry teacher the municipal chemist. The older children act as his assistants. With him the class tests the city water, the various milk supplies of the town. Under the inspector, they visit dairies, workshops, bakeries and food stores."

"Last year they published a milk bulletin containing general information and reports of their tests. I could not see that it was essentially inferior in quality to one that the agricultural school might have issued. When I came upon this class they were testing hogs and candies, from the different shops in the town, for purity and for coloring matter. Another class was experimenting with soft drinks, studying questions of solutions, suspension and crystallization, with ramifications. I was told, toward the physiological effect of certain products. The children were practically deputy food inspectors and made reports on the official blanks. The chemist assured me that he had not lost a case in prosecuting for violation of the pure food laws."

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A FOOL AND HIS  
MONEYBY GEORGE BARR  
MCUTCHEON.

"By the way," said I, "I have had no word from our mutual friends. Have you seen them?"  
Mr. Pless stiffened. His face grew perceptibly older.

"I regret to inform you, Mr. Smart, that our relations are not quite as friendly as they once were. I have reason to suspect that Mr. Smart has been working against me for the past two or three days, to such an extent, I may say, that the ambassador now declines to advise your government to grant us certain privileges we had hoped to secure without trouble. In short, we have just heard that he will not ask the United States to consider anything in the shape of an extradition if the countess is apprehended in her own country."

"I fancy you are wondering why I sent for you, Mr. Smart," said Mr. Pless.  
"I am."

"Am I to assume that the newspapers were correct in stating that you mean to support my cause with—I may say, to the full extent of your powers?"

"It depends on circumstances, Mr. Pless."

"Circumstances?" He eyed me rather coldly, as if to say, "What right have you to suggest circumstances?"

"Perhaps I should have said that it depends somewhat on what my powers represent."

He crossed his slender legs comfortably and looked at me with a queer little tilt of his left eyebrow, but with an unsmiling visage. He was too cocksure of himself to grant me even so much as an ingratiating smile.

"I am a glory-seeking American and he one of the glorious? It would be doing me a favor to let me help him."

"I trust you will understand, Mr. Smart, that I do not ask a favor of you, but rather put myself under a certain obligation for the time being. It is quite impossible for me to prosecute the search for my child, without financial assistance from outside sources. My funds are practically exhausted, and the bank refuses to extend my credit. You have publicly declared yourself to be my friend, and well wisher. I have asked you to come here tonight, Mr. Smart, to put you to the real test, so to speak. I want \$100,000 for six months."

While I was prepared in a sense for the request, the brazenness with which he put it up to me took my breath away.

"Really, Mr. Pless," I mumbled in direct contrast to his snarling, "you—your surprise me."

He laughed quietly, almost reassuringly, as he leaned forward in his chair the better to study my face. "I hope you do not think that I expect you to produce so much ready money tonight, Mr. Smart. Oh, no. Any time within the next few days will be satisfactory. Take your time, sir. I appreciate that it requires time to arrange for the—"

"That was the amount," said he, a sudden glitter in his eyes.  
I studied the ceiling with a calculating squint, as if trying to approximate my balance in bank. He watched me closely, almost breathlessly. At last, unable to control his eagerness, he said:  
"At the usual rate of interest, you understand."  
"What security can you give, Mr. Pless?" I demanded in a very business-like way.  
"Oh, you Americans!" he cried, his face beaming with premature relief. "You will pin us down, I see. I do not wonder that you are so rich. I shall give you my personal note, Mr. Smart, for the amount secured by a mortgage—a supplementary mortgage—on the Chateau Tarnowsky."  
Tarnowsky! Now I remembered everything. Tarnowsky! The name struck my memory like a blow. What a stupid old I had been! The whole world had rung wedding bells for the marriage of the Count Mark Tarnowsky, one of the greatest Hungarian nobles, and Alina, the nineteen-year-old daughter of Gwendolen and Jasper Titus of New York, Newport, Tuxedo, Hot Springs, Palm Beach, and so forth—Jasper Titus, the banker and railway magnate, whose name as well as his hand was to be seen in every great financial movement of the last two decades!  
My pleasant little mystery had come to a sharp and rather depressing end. A joyous enthusiasm had attended me while I worked in the dark; now a dreary reality stared me in the face. The sparkle was gone.  
My cogitations were brief. The count after waiting for a minute or two to let me grasp the full importance

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